

KENT
BLAKE OF THE
SECRET
SERVICE

KENT BLAKE OF THE

SECRET SERVICE

MAY

10¢
K

REAL BEHIND-THE-SCENES STORIES OF HOW THE U.S. SECRET
GOVERNMENT AGENTS TRACK DOWN DANGEROUS ENEMY SPIES!

"SLAVES OF THE SOVIET!"



"RED-BLOOD OVER BERLIN!"



"MISSION ACCOMPLISHED!"



AND MANY MORE
SECRET SERVICE THRILLS!

ONE SOUND OUT
OF YOU, IVAN, AND
YOU'RE A DEAD
MAN! I DON'T WANT
ANYTHING TO SPOIL
THIS SURPRISE
PARTY FOR YOUR
COMRADES!

STUDY THIS FACE! BURN
IT INTO YOUR MEMORY!
NEVER FORGET IT! THIS
MAN IS THE MOST
DANGEROUS ENEMY OF
THE COMMISSAR IN THIS
COUNTRY! HE MUST BE
FOUND...AND HE MUST
BE DESTROYED!

SO *THAT* IS
KENT BLAKE,
EH? YOU HAVE
MY WORD...HE
WILL BE DEAD
WITHIN TWENTY-
FOUR HOURS!



FUN!
ORDER TODAY!

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SLOT MACHINE

LITTLE BANDIT

only
\$198

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hello!
I'm **SANDY!**
I drink me! I sleep
and you can
WAVE MY
HAIR!

I love **SANDY**
WONDERFUL

NEW!

FREE
HAIR
WAVE
KIT!

INTERNATIONAL DRINK AND WET DOG IS
washable rather than
DIRTYING - wash like
hair and retains hair-wave
as complete with plastic
bands... rubber waving
hands... wave-ribs or
padding, plastic comb and
some of doll hair make
ADORABLE SANDY. 11
inches tall, has sparkling
blue eyes that move
and close - she
drinks frizzy
hair with rubber
nipple (included)
and does waves for
disper. You can bathe her
— pour her sandy soap,
legs and head — make her
stretch, walk and sleep.

\$3.99

complete

SEND NO MONEY
P.O.# 60-800 NEW YORK

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SEND YOUR DOLLAR TODAY

[illegible]

NU-BORN

- SHE'S OVER 18 INCHES TALL!
- LUTHER KUBER WIGWAGS!
- SHE CRIES—LIVE CODES!
- DISMAYING LATENTS!

Amazingly, today's mothers don't want to raise "little mothers' best." Not her, please her, cuddle her with love, dress, diaper and bathe her every day. Over 18 inches high, with almost human capabilities, she's one of the most realistic baby dolls ever made. And she's **WIGWAGS**. She can't pink fink, but she can "fink" things to avoid abuse. So, for example, if you try to change her without proper technique for "quick changing," she'll automatically "wink" and display combinations for "quick changing." Admiringly, even in music, looking with a ribbon for her "wink" for the "winkage games." SEND NO MONEY NOW. Use your savings.

Start with order, we play together.

Just imagine...! Only \$398!

COMPUTER

WASH YOUR OWN DOLL!

Don't waste your money on other dolls!

[illegible]

NOVELTY MART, Dept. 149
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SEND COUPON!

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:
 Enclosed find: ☐ Check on M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

☐ No-Born Doll	\$3.98	☐ Sler Machine	\$1.98
☐ Sandy	\$3.98	☐ Peanut Bank	\$2.98
☐ Remote Control Car		\$3.49	

Name _____
 Address _____ City _____ State _____

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THE ACTUAL, UNCENSORED STORY BEHIND THE ORIGIN OF...

KENT BLAKE

KENT BLAKE!
HAVE YOU GONE
CRAZY? PUT AWAY
THAT GUN!

I THOUGHT
YOU SAID HE WAS
A SECRET SERVICE
AGENT, KRUGER!

HE'S AN
IMPOSTOR...
A KILLER!

ONE OF
YOU IS A SPY...
WHICH
ONE?

THE EDITORS OF THIS PUBLICATION ARE PROUD
TO PRESENT THE AUTHENTICATED ADVENTURES
OF ONE OF AMERICA'S TOP SECRET AGENTS...
KENT BLAKE! THESE ACTUAL CASES
HAVE NEVER BEEN REVEALED BEFORE AND
ARE BASED UPON CONFIDENTIAL RECORDS
FROM THE FILES OF THE SPECIAL INVESTIGATION
DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON, D.C. EACH
CASE HAS BEEN PERSONALLY CHECKED AND
VERIFIED BY AGENT KENT BLAKE.

FOR
OBVIOUS REASONS
THE NAME, **KENT
BLAKE**, IS FICTITIOUS,
AS THE USE OF HIS REAL
NAME WOULD ENDANGER
HIS MISSION AND HIS LIFE
... BUT ALL OTHER
FACTS AND INCIDENTS
ARE ACCURATE!

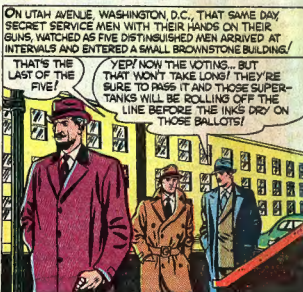
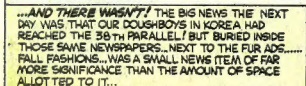
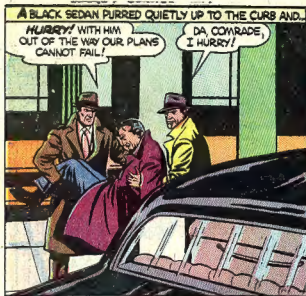
THE TIME WAS TWENTY MINUTES BEFORE MIDNIGHT,
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1950! THE PLACE... NORTH
CAROLINA AVENUE IN OUR NATION'S CAPITAL, WASHINGTON,
D.C.

THAT'S
HIM!

IT'S ABOUT TIME!
GET READY!

HEY! WHAT
IS... OWW!

ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL



IT WAS HEADLINE NEWS! REPORTERS FROM ALL CITIES STARTED TO PESTER ALL THE CONGRESSMEN FOR STATEMENTS AND OPINIONS ON THE SUPER-TANK RESOLUTION...

ED MOORE OF THE NEW YORK TIMES, CONGRESSMAN ROGERS! WHAT IS YOUR OPINION?

MY OPINION IS THAT YOU ARE AN **INSOLENT YOUNG PUP** FOR COMING HERE! IF YOU WANT A COMMENT FROM ME SEE ME AT MY OFFICE! GOOD DAY!



NOT SO FAST, CONGRESSMAN! YOU CAN'T FILIBUSTER ME OUT OF AN INTERVIEW! COME ON... GET INTO THAT CAR!

WHAT! YOU'RE NOT A REPORTER! YOU'RE... YOU'RE A KIDNAPER!



YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL... OWN!

I WON'T SHOOT! I WANT YOU ALIVE, CONGRESSMAN! MAYBE THIS'LL KEEP YOU QUIET!



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE TWO MEN ENTERED THE OFFICE OF A CHIEF EXECUTIVE IN THE PENTAGON BUILDING...

CONGRESSMAN ROGERS! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU? YOU...

ARREST THAT MAN, KRUGER! HE'S AN **IMPOSTOR... A KILLER!**



KENT BLAKE! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? PULLING A GUN ON A CONGRESSMAN IS SERIOUS BUSINESS!

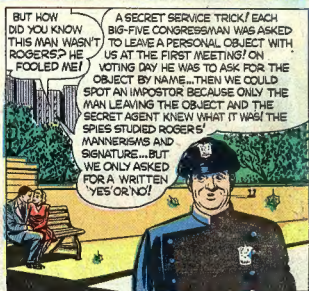
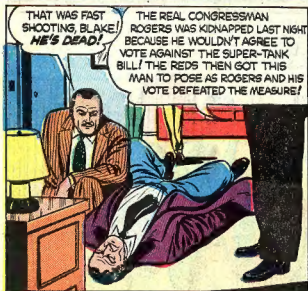
SO IS **MURDER!**



MURDER? MAKE SENSE, BLAKE, WHO'S BEEN MURDERED?

CONGRESSMAN ROGERS HAS, MR. KRUGER!





AFTER KENT BLAKE LEFT KRUGER'S OFFICE MR. BELLARD TURNED TO KRUGER AND WITH SINCERE ADMIRATION SAID...

I LIKE THE WAY THAT YOUNG MAN OPERATES, KRUGER! HE'S A TRIBUTE TO THE SECRET SERVICE! WHERE'D YOU GET HIM?

LET ME GET THE MORGUE TO CART THE BODY AWAY... THEN I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT **KENT BLAKE, SPECIAL SECRET SERVICE AGENT!**



"KENT WAS A NEW YORK CITY COP WHEN THE JAPS BOMBED PEARL HARBOR! HE WAS THE GUY WHO CAPTURED THE PAYROLL ROBBERS BACK IN 1939! WELL, A WEEK AFTER PEARL HARBOR BLAKE TRADED HIS COP BLUES FOR G.I. OLIVE DRAB..."

BLAKE, YOU'RE ASSIGNED TO THE 49TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP... FLYING FORTS! REPORT TO MC DILL FIELD, FLORIDA IN TWENTY-ONE DAYS!

YES, SIR!



"SIX MONTHS LATER ON AUGUST 17, 1942 WHEN THE FIRST FLYING FORTS ROARED OUT OF ENGLAND, KENT BLAKE WAS IN ONE OF THEM AS A PHOTO-GUNNER..."

ALTITUDE TEN THOUSAND FEET! PUT ON YOUR OXYGEN MASKS!



"HE MADE THAT ONE OKAY... BUT ON THE LE HAVRE SUB PENS MISSION THE FORTS CAUGHT EVERYTHING BUT THE KITCHEN SINK..."



"SERGEANT BLAKE AND THREE OTHERS HIT THE SILK IN TIME! BUT THE REST..."



"THE NAZIS KNEW VERY LITTLE ABOUT THE FLYING FORTS SO WHEN THEY CAPTURED BLAKE AND FOUND OUT THAT HE WAS A B17 MAN THEY TRIED EVERY NAZI TRICK IN THE BOOK TO MAKE HIM TALK..."

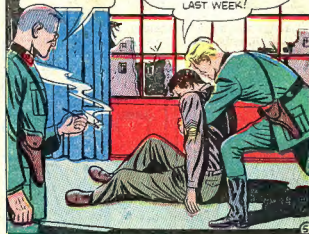
WHAT IS THE STRENGTH OF YOUR GROUP? WHAT IS THE VULNERABLE APPROACH ANGLE OF THE B17? TALK, AMERICAN PIG OR WE'LL PULL OUT EVERY FINGERNAIL ONE BY ONE!

NAME... KENT BLAKE... MASTER SERGEANT, SERIAL NUMBER... 120 442 77 THAT'S ALL I'LL TELL YOU!



HE HAS THE STAMINA OF AN IRON MAN! A GOOD SOLDIER... TOO BAD HE IS NOT GERMAN!

JA! WE WILL THROW HIM INTO THE CELL WITH THE OTHER STUBBORN AMERICAN WE CAPTURED LAST WEEK!



"THE OTHER STUBBORN AMERICAN WAS A CAPTAIN NAMED RALPH STRONG! HE TOOK CARE OF BLAKE'S WOUNDS AND ADMIRER THE SERGEANT FOR NOT SQUEALING! THEN, ABOUT A MONTH LATER..."

I GOT THROUGH, BLAKE! OUR UNDERGROUND TUNNEL IS FINISHED! THE OTHER END COMES OUT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARBED WIRE FENCE JUST LIKE WE FIGURED!

GOOD! LET'S MAKE THE BREAK TOMORROW NIGHT... BEFORE THE KRAUTS FIND IT!



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, BLAKE AND STRONG CRAWLED THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE LIKE TWO GIANT ANTS! THEY CARVED OUT THAT TUNNEL WITH TIN CANS, WORKING EVERY NIGHT FOR AN ENTIRE MONTH!



A GERMAN GUARD, GOLD-BRICKING IN THE WOODS SPOTTED THEM JUST AS THEY CLEARED THE TUNNEL EXIT!

AMERICAN SCHWEINEHUNDE! SO YOU WANT TO ESCAPE? HERE!

OWW!



YOU DIRTY KILLER...

UGH-H!



QUICK, BLAKE! DO AS I SAY! TAKE OFF MY LEFT SHOE! DELIVER IT TO KRUGER... IN WASHINGTON! GO ON... BLOW OUT OF HERE! QUICK... I'M DONE FOR ANYWAY!



BY THE TIME BLAKE REMOVED STRONG'S SHOE, THE YOUNG CAPTAIN WAS DEAD! KENT BLAKE GOT AWAY OKAY AND A MONTH LATER HE CAME HERE TO SEE ME... WITH CAPTAIN STRONG'S LEFT SHOE...

THERE WERE IMPORTANT MICROFILM SLIDES HIDDEN IN THE HOLLOW HEEL OF STRONG'S SHOE! AND A NOTE RECOMMENDING YOU FOR DUTY AS A SECRET SERVICE AGENT. THAT'S A GREAT HONOR, BLAKE!

I WON'T DISAPPOINT HIM OR MY COUNTRY, MR. KRUGER, IF YOU GRANT ME THE PRIVILEGE!



BLAKE EXCELLED OUR BEST MEN IN EVERY CLASS AND ON EVERY MISSION! TODAY HE HOLDS THE ONLY POSITION OF ITS KIND... HE'S A SPECIAL SECRET SERVICE AGENT! HE'S ON CALL FOR ANY DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT... IN ANY LAND... AND HE'S RESPONSIBLE TO ONLY ONE MAN...

KENT BLAKE... SPECIAL SECRET SERVICE AGENT!

HM-M-M A REMARKABLE JOB FOR A REMARKABLE MAN!

THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE!



THAT NIGHT, A COUPLE OF HOURS AFTER BLAKE HAD PUT OUT THE LIGHTS IN HIS APARTMENT,



THE FOLLOWING MORNING SPECIAL SECRET SERVICE AGENT KENT BLAKE WALKED INTO MR. KRUGER'S OFFICE WITHOUT KNOCKING...

B-BLAKE!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?
I...I MEAN...

HELLO,
BLAKE!

YOU SEEM SURPRISED,
MR. KRUGER...YOU DIDN'T
EXPECT TO SEE ME,
DID YOU?



NO... THAT IS
YES, KENT...
BUT YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO...

I KNOW, MR. KRUGER! I
WAS SUPPOSED TO REPORT ONLY
WHEN I FOUND OUT THE IDENTITY
OF THE LEADER OF THE RUSSIAN
ESPIONAGE RING HERE
IN WASHINGTON!



WELL, I KNOW WHO THAT
MAN IS! HE SENT ONE OF HIS
BUTCHERS AFTER ME LAST NIGHT!
I EXPECTED THE VISIT AND WATCHED
FROM MY CLOSET AS THE KILLER
MURDERED THE STUFFED LAUNDRY
BAG I PUT IN
MY BED!

WHO IS
THE LEADER,
BLAKE?
... WHO?



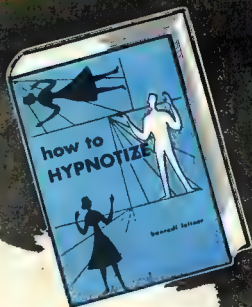
**YOU ARE...
YOU TRAITOR!**



A comic book illustration showing a man in a green suit and red tie holding a handgun. He is looking towards a woman with dark, curly hair. In the background, another man is visible, looking on. The scene is set indoors with a window showing a cityscape.

SECRET SERVICE, SUITE 1404
300 S. 3RD AVE. NEW YORK CITY 13

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HYPNOTIZE...**

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KENT BLAKE

SLAVES of the SOVIET



YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN NOW, BLAKE! WHEN WE RETURN WE'LL SNORKEL ON THE BOTTOM OF THIS SEA FOR **THREE** DAYS! IF YOU DON'T KEEP THE RENDEZVOUS BY THEN WE'LL GIVE YOU UP FOR DEAD! GOOD LUCK!

CHECK THE POSITION, BLAKE! THIS IS 57 DEGREES, 27 MINUTES NORTH LATITUDE AND 151 DEGREES 3 MINUTES EAST LONGITUDE!

RIGHT! I'LL SEE YOU IN **ONE MONTH**... I HOPE!

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN **ANY** MAGAZINE!

ONLY ONE AMERICAN HAS EVER SEEN THE GREAT RUSSIAN SLAVE CAMP AT KOLYMA, IN FORBIDDEN SIBERIA! HERE IS THAT MAN'S STORY, AS TOLD TO ONE OF OUR WRITERS... THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO WAS THERE... **SECRET AGENT KENT BLAKE!**

THAT WAS ON THE 22ND OF NOVEMBER, 1950! SOON THE MURKY BLACK WATERS OF THE OKHOTSK SEA SWALLOWED THE AMERICAN SUB WITH A SWISHING GURGLE AND LEFT **KENT BLAKE, SPECIAL SECRET SERVICE AGENT**, ALONE IN SOLID DARKNESS.

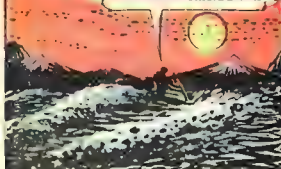
THIS IS A LULL OF A WAY TO SPEND THANKSGIVING EVE... **PADDLING A RUBBER DINGHY TOWARD THAT HAPPY LAND... SIBERIA!**

SUDDENLY THE HEAVY HUM OF A POWERFUL BOAT RUFFLED THE GHOSTLY SILENCE AND A STAB OF YELLOW LIGHT POKED INTO THE EBONY NIGHT...

A **RED SEA-PATROL!** IF THEY SPOT ME I'LL BE TOMORROW'S TARGET PRACTICE!

THIS IS FAR ENOUGH, IVAN! WHO WOULD DARE COME THIS CLOSE TO THE SHORES OF RUSSIA?

TRUE, WLADEK! WE TURN BACK NOW!



WHIEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! BUT NOW THEY WON'T BE OUT THIS WAY FOR ANWHILE! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO START PADDLING FAST!



ABOUT AN HOUR LATER, KENT BLAKE HIT THE SHORE OF SIBERIA JUST A FEW MILES WEST OF A CITY CALLED ...MAGDAN...

I'LL DEFLATE THE DINGHY AND BURY IT HERE! IN THE MORNING I'LL HEAD FOR THE CITY! IF THAT SLAVE CAMP IS WHERE THE SS REPORTS SAY IT IS... I'LL BE IN IT BY NOON!



EARLY THAT THANKSGIVING MORNING OF 1950, BLAKE STARTED INTO TOWN...

I GUESS THE BEST WAY TO FIND OUT IF THERE'S A SLAVE CAMP HERE IS TO MAKE OUT I'M A VODKA HAPPY POLE... AND MAYBE TAKING A POKE AT ONE OF THOSE RED LOOIES ... WILL HELP!



LIGHTS...CAMERA...ACTION! KENT OL' BOY, YOU'RE ON...GO INTO YOUR ACT!

HURRAH! THREE CHEERS FOR THE RED AND THE WHITE... AND THE SPIT OF THE POLISH EAGLE ON YOU...YOU STINKING COSSACKS!

AW, DON'T SOIL YOUR HANDS ON THE FILTHY SWINE, PETRON...HE IS DRUNK!



FILTHY SWINE, AM I? THEN YOU SEE A MIRACLE... A DIG THAT FLATTENS YOUR FLAT NOSE!



A... IT IN THE STOMACH! WILL TAKE THE COURAGE OUT OF YOU, DOG! YOU'VE INSULTED AN OFFICER OF THE RED ARMY!

UH-H-H-H!



...FOR THAT YOU DIE!

NO, PETROV! DON'T WASTE LEAD ON HIM! A MULE WAS KILLED IN THE SLAVE MINES YESTERDAY...THIS JACKASS WILL TAKE ITS PLACE!



HOURS LATER THE VILE STENCH OF SWEAT, DIRT AND SICKNESS REVVED BLAKE! HE LOOKED ABOUT HIM AND SAW A SIGHT WHICH HE CONCLUDED MUST HAVE BEEN A NIGHTMARE! HE STARED UNBELIEVINGLY AT THE POPULATION OF LIVING DEAD WHICH MOVED BEFORE HIM! GAUNT, FLESHLESS MEN WHOSE BONES WERE HELD TOGETHER BY A FLIMS Y PARCHMENT OF SKIN! THERE WAS NO DOUBT IN BLAKE'S MIND THAT THIS WAS THE SLAVE CAMP WHICH HE WAS TO OBTAIN DATA ON FOR THE SECRET SERVICE....

...BUT WHERE IN SIBERIA IS THIS PLACE? WHAT DO THESE POOR DEVILS WORK AT? FIRST I'LL TAKE SOME PICTURES WITH THE MICRO CAMERA... THEN I'LL START ASKING THE SIXTY-FOUR RUBLE QUESTION!



SO YOU ARE NEW HERE? FORGIVE ME IF I DO NOT BID YOU WELCOME TO THIS HELL-PIT SON! THIS IS THE GREAT SOVIET SECRET-THE DALSTROY PROJECT!

I'VE NEVER HEARD OF IT! IS IT AN ATOMIC PROJECT?



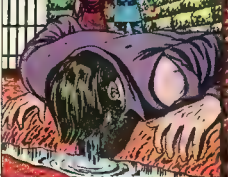
NOL SOMETHING FAR MORE IMPORTANT! IT TAKES MONEY TO BUILD ATOM BOMBS AND TO FINANCE WARS. THAT'S WHY WE ARE HERE IN THE KOLYMA REGION TO DIG GOLD!

YOU MEAN THIS WHOLE PROJECT IS WORKED BY SLAVES LIKE US?

ALMOST A MILLION ARE HERE FROM EVERY WALK OF LIFE... FROM EVERY COUNTRY IN EUROPE! DOCTORS, TEACHERS AND SCIENTISTS FROM POLAND, FRANCE, HUNGARY... ALL THEY DO IS DIG... DIG EVERYDAY AND EVERY NIGHT!

THEN PIG SLOP IS THROWN IN THIS GUTTER ONCE A DAY... AND WE EAT IT... LIKE PIGS!

BUT CAN'T SOMETHING BE DONE?



SURE SOMETHING CAN BE DONE! LOOK OUT THERE! THAT'S MAX NOVACK, THE SCIENTIST... HE TRIED TO DO SOMETHINGS! BUT HE WAS CAUGH... NOW THOSE RED DEVILS DO SOMETHINGS!

IS THERE NO ESCAPE... NO WAY OUT?



THAT IS THE ONLY WAY OUT OF KOLYMA!



THE MISERABLE WEEKS THAT PASSED GNAWED YEARS FROM KENT BLAKE'S LIFE. SPAN! HE SLAVED IN THE MINES, ATE GARBAGE AND TOOK THE BEATINGS THE REDS HANDED OUT SO GENEROUSLY! THE ACE SECRET SERVICE AGENT TOOK ALL THAT FOR A VERY SPECIAL REASON...

OVER A MILLION SLAVES! MISSING PERSONS FROM EVERY EUROPEAN COUNTRY! HUMANS...NOT DEAD...NOT LIVING...JUST *MUSING*! I'VE GOT TO GET PICTURES OF ALL THIS!



KENT BLAKE'S LIFE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN WORTH A WOODEN RUBLE IF THE REDS CAUGHT HIM COLLECTING SNAPSHOTS FOR UNCLE SAM'S SECRET SERVICE! BLAKE KNEW THAT BUT HE TOOK THE RISK...

I'LL MAKE BELIEVE I DROPPED MY SHOVEL...THESE PHOTOS SHOULD CONVINCE WASHINGTON AND THE PEOPLE OF THE ENTIRE WORLD THAT **SLAVERY DOES EXIST IN RUSSIA!**

PICK IT UP, YOU CLUMSY OX! YOU'LL WORK AN EXTRA HOUR FOR DROPPING THAT SHOVEL!



DURING HIS SHORT PERIODS OF REST, BLAKE WORKED ON HIS SECRET NOTES...

YOU MUST BE A SCHOLAR, MY FRIEND... BUT A *MAD* ONE! EVERY NIGHT YOU WRITE...AND WHEN YOU FINISH...**YOU ALWAYS EAT WHAT YOU HAVE WRITTEN!**

AFTER EATING THAT SLOP WHICH EVEN THE PIGS REFUSE...PAPER IS A RARE TREAT, KOTLAS!



WHAT KOTLAS DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT KENT BLAKE TOOK MICROFILM REPRODUCTIONS OF HIS NOTES BEFORE HE CHEWED UP THE SPECIAL DIGESTIVE ROCE PAPER HE WROTE ON...

IT'LL TAKE A BLAST OF DYNAMITE TO REMOVE THESE MICROFILMS FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY FOOT THE WAY THIS FLESH GLUE STICKS!



BLAKE HAD TO EXERCISE THE CONTROL OF A SPHINX TO KEEP FROM TEARING LIEUT. ASTOF APART. THE OFFICER HE SOCKED THAT FIRST DAY IN MAGADAN! ASTOF NEVER FORGOT THAT! HE TOOK A PERSONAL, SADISTIC PLEASURE IN TORTURING BLAKE...

STEP UP, GENTLEMEN!

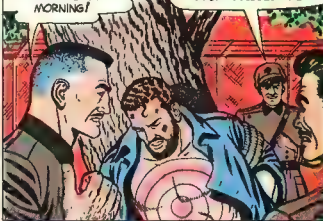
IT'S FREE! STRIKE THE PIG'S BELLY AND WIN A DRINK OF VODKA! GRAB A STONE AND TAKE A TRY!

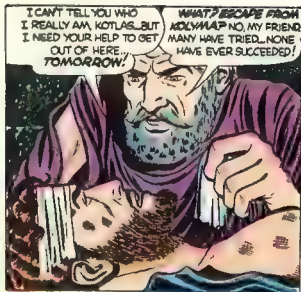
I HIT HIS HEAD, ASTOF...WHAT DO I GET? HA! HA!



HE'S FAINTED...THE WEAKLING! TAKE HIM AWAY...AND MAKE SURE HE REPORTS TO THE MINES IN THE MORNING!

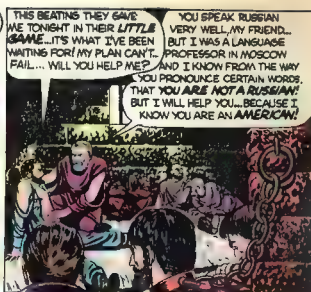
ASTOF LIKES HIS LITTLE GAMES! HE'S THE ONE WHO INVENTED **RUSSIAN ROULETTE!**





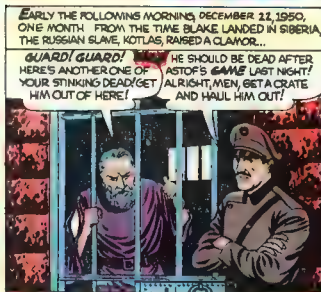
I CAN'T TELL YOU WHO I REALLY AM, KOTLAS... BUT I NEED YOUR HELP TO GET OUT OF HERE... TOMORROW!

WHAT? ESCAPE FROM KOLYMA? NO, MY FRIEND! MANY HAVE TRIED... NONE HAVE EVER SUCCEEDED!



THIS BEATING THEY GAVE ME TONIGHT IN THEIR LITTLE GAME... IT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! MY PLAN CAN'T FAIL... WILL YOU HELP ME?

YOU SPEAK RUSSIAN VERY WELL, MY FRIEND... BUT I WAS A LANGUAGE PROFESSOR IN MOSCOW AND I KNOW FROM THE WAY YOU PRONOUNCE CERTAIN WORDS THAT YOU ARE NOT A RUSSIAN! BUT I WILL HELP YOU... BECAUSE I KNOW YOU ARE AN AMERICAN!



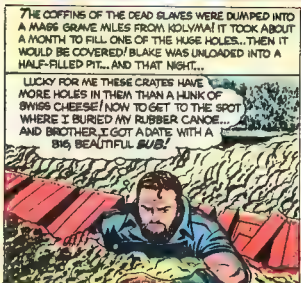
EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, DECEMBER 22, 1950, ONE MONTH FROM THE TIME BLAKE LANDED IN SIBERIA, THE RUSSIAN SLAVE, KOTLAS, RAISED A CLAMOR...

GUARD! GUARD! HERE'S ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR STINKING DEAD! GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

HE SHOULD BE DEAD AFTER ASTOF'S GAME LAST NIGHT! ALRIGHT, MEN, GET A CRATE AND HAUL HIM OUT!

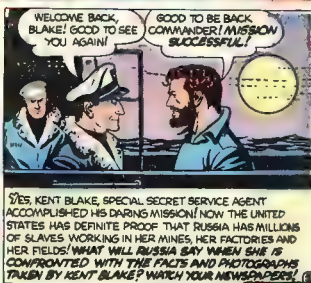


GOOD-BYE, MY AMERICAN FRIEND! MAY THE HEAVENS BE WITH YOU! IF YOU GET THROUGH... LET THE WORLD KNOW THAT EUROPE'S LOST POPULATION ARE SLAVES IN RUSSIA! FREE US!... DELIVER US... I BEG OF YOU!



THE COFFINS OF THE DEAD SLAVES WERE DUMPED INTO A MASS GRAVE MILES FROM KOLYMA! IT TOOK ABOUT A MONTH TO FILL ONE OF THE HUGE HOLES... THEN IT WOULD BE COVERED! BLAKE WAS UNLOADED INTO A HALF-FILLED PIT... AND THAT NIGHT...

LUCKY FOR ME THESE CRATES HAVE MORE HOLES IN THEM THAN A HUNK OF SWISS CHEESE! NOW TO GET TO THE SPOT WHERE I BURIED MY RUBBER CANOE... AND BROTHER, I GOT A DATE WITH A BIG, BEAUTIFUL SUB!



WELCOME BACK, BLAKE! GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

GOOD TO BE BACK, COMMANDER! MISSION SUCCESSFUL!

YES, KENT BLAKE, SPECIAL SECRET SERVICE AGENT ACCOMPLISHED HIS DARING MISSION! NOW THE UNITED STATES HAS DEFINITE PROOF THAT RUSSIA HAS MILLIONS OF SLAVES WORKING IN HER MINES, HER FACTORIES AND HER FIELDS! WHAT WILL RUSSIA SAY WHEN SHE IS CONFRONTED WITH THE FACTS AND PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY KENT BLAKE? WATCH YOUR NEWSPAPERS!

SUBSCRIBE NOW! \$1.00 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES!

SECRET SERVICE, SUITE 1404
200 1ST AVE. NEW YORK 10011

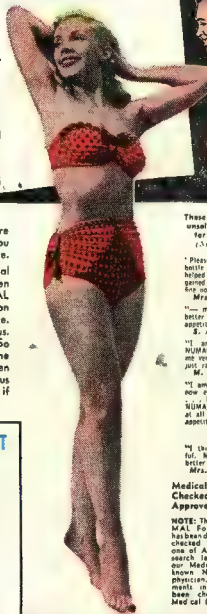
THE END

SKINNY GIRLS ARE NOT GLAMOUR GIRLS!

HOW TO ADD Glamorous Curves TO YOUR FIGURE

If you are a normal, healthy underweight person and are ashamed of your skinny, scrawny figure, NUMAL can help you add pounds and pounds of firm, attractive flesh to your figure.

For NUMAL, a doctor-approved formula, contains essential minerals, vitamins and nutrients that may aid your appetite. Then you eat more and enjoy what you eat. But that isn't all. NUMAL contains a food element which is also a great help in putting on weight. So don't let them snicker at your skinny, scrawny figure. A skinny, scarecrow figure is neither fashionable nor glamorous. Remember, the girls with the glamorous curves get the dates. So start NUMAL today. You'll love the taste . . . you'll love the results. SEND NO MONEY. Just your name and address. When postman delivers NUMAL in plain wrapper, pay him only \$2 plus postage and C.O.D. fees. Note: You save all postal charges if you send \$2 with order.



These are excerpts from unsolicited and unpaid testimonials . . .
(Name on request)

"Please send me another bottle of NUMAL — it has helped me wonderfully I have gained some weight and feel fine now!"

Mrs. H. S., Belle, Mo.
"I made me sleep so much better and it improved my appetite so much."

S. A. L., Sanford, Fla.
"I am so delighted with NUMAL — it has improved me very much — my friends just rave at me!"

M. W., Weycross, Ga.
"I am feeling fine and I can now eat three meals a day."

Before I started taking NUMAL I wasn't eating well at all but now I have a good appetite."

Mrs. M. D. C.,
Baton Rouge, La.

"I think NUMAL is wonderful. My husband says I look better and I feel better!"

Mrs. C. L., Rutland, Vt.

Medically
Checked and
Approved!

NOTE: The NUMAL Formula has been double-checked by one of America's foremost research laboratories. 2nd. By our Medical Director a well-known New York practicing physician. All medical statements in this ad have also been checked by our own Medical Director for accuracy.



SKINNY MEN ARE NOT ATTRACTIVE EITHER

Make no mistake about it—a skinny, scrawny body is no asset in social, business or sports life. So if you are a normal, healthy underweight person, give NUMAL a chance to build you up, put firm flesh on your frame. It's guaranteed—it must help you or your money back. You'll like NUMAL. It tastes good, does good. Order yours today.

USE CONVENIENT COUPON NOW

I WOULDN'T
BE SEEN
WITH THAT
SCARECROW



MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

If you aren't pleased with results after using one bottle of NUMAL, you get your money back. Fill in and mail coupon now.

U. S. NATURE PRODUCTS CORP.

3560 Broadway, Dept. 97-B New York 31, N. Y.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

U. S. NATURE PRODUCTS CORP.
3560 Broadway, Dept. 97-B New York 31, N. Y.

Send me at once a jar of NUMAL with the understanding that it must put weight on me or you'll refund my money after the first jar I'll pay postman \$2.00 plus C.O.D. charges and postage.

Name

Address

City Zone State

NOTE: If you want to save all postal charges enclose \$2 check, money order or cash. We will pay all postal charges. Same money-back guarantee.
Sorry, Canadian orders cannot be sent C.O.D. Send International Money Order.

SEND NO MONEY! ORDER ON APPROVAL!

A MAN AND HIS DOG

SOME people around the camp thought that old Jake Connelly was a little crazy on the subject of his dog, Willy, but no one dared utter such a sentiment with Jake nearby. Willy was too old to be much comfort to anyone. His fur was shaggy and spotty in places, and he moved slowly without enthusiasm or interest, but to Jake, Willy was the handsomest and cleverest dog he had ever seen, or hoped to see. Willy and Jake were pals, and anyone who said a word against Willy had to be prepared to fight fast or dodge one of Jake's mighty blows.

Jake Connelly had become a permanent figure around Harrison's Lumber Camp, and even the oldest man there remembered Jake as the first person they spoke to when first signing up with the crew. Jake's huge, work-torn hands never looked natural unless they held an ax or saw posed by a tall redwood. He could spin yarns as tall as Paul Bunyan, while Willy sat close to his feet, and the men would listen with rapt attention, willing to believe all he said.

Except for his belligerent devotion to Willy, Jake was a peaceful man who spoke softly and snowed kindness toward everyone he met . . . everyone with the exception of Red Frailly. It was Red's first year at the camp, and from his first day, when he kicked Willy out of the chair near the big open fire, Jake hated him.

The other men didn't entirely share Jake's sentiment toward Red, who seemed to bring a

spirit of adventure and excitement into the camp hidden high away in the hills of Canada. He'd travelled everywhere and spoke of faraway adventures in Spain and Italy that thrilled the big lumberjacks who, for the most part, had never left their native Canadian soil. Red's heavily bearded face would light up easily when in an arrogant manner he told hair-raising tales of being hunted by Spanish authorities and escaping from country to country. After the evening meal was over, and the men sat smoking their pipes or trying to pick up some music on a small, battered radio while relaxing in front of the blazing fire, Red began his boastful talk and everyone forgot about Jake and his tall tales that now seemed innocent happenings. Red had become the king of the camp, and although no one really liked Red, they could listen to him talk for hours without interruption.

Jake didn't seem to mind Red's taking over his place as the storyteller for the camp; he didn't care about anything except Willy. Willy served as his father confessor, and whenever he had a story to tell, he'd talk to Willy, who'd look lovingly into his master's warm, friendly eyes as if trying to understand every word he said.

The day that Jake and Red had their fight was a red-letter day for every man in the crew. Both Jake and Red were leaders, and that meant that they might have to choose sides . . . something that no one wanted to do.

The story goes that Red found Willy on his bunk one late afternoon and kicked him so hard that he cried and limped all the way back to Jake. When Jake went to find Red, his face burning with anger and hate, Red was waiting for him.

"Keep your stinking dog out of here, Jake," he said, before Jake could complain. "I've never liked dogs and old, smelly hounds like Willy make me plenty mad"

Jake didn't bother to answer him. He just began swinging his long, thick arms in Red's direction. Red was a little shorter than Jake, but he was, also, younger and full of fight. No one dared to part the two men for fear of one of those mighty blows hitting him. Tables and chairs were turned over in the furious attack of the two men, and from the look in their eyes, it looked as if it would be a long, hard struggle.

"Apologize to Willy!" Jake kept yelling with each blow to Red's face. "Apologize to Willy!"

"Not to any dirty hound-dog!" Red replied. "I'll kill that hound-dog!"

Technically, Jake was a better fighter, but Red knew all the dirty blows and he used them. Even the men who stood around and watched the two men, yelled complaints about Red's dirty fighting. They knew Jake's reputation as a clean fighter and they keenly felt the disadvantage of the match.

It was while Red was shouting one of his insulting epithets

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and other externally caused Skin Blemishes



WHEN pimply skin is your problem, the first thing to get straight is that you can and *should* do something about it. To develop the attractiveness of your face is not mere vanity. It is an "open sesame" towards bringing the real YOU closer to other people and giving your personality the poise and confidence it needs. Your good qualities—intelligence, character, dignity—all go to naught...are completely cancelled out by a skin that "nobody loves to touch." Remember, the YOU that people see first is your face.

SKIN PROBLEMS

DEMAND IMMEDIATE CARE

Medical statistics tell us that blemished skin usually occurs from adolescence on through adult life. The problem at the adolescent stage is serious enough to deserve attentive care as a family matter. In adulthood, when life's responsibilities are so much weightier, it is doubly important to exert great effort to eliminate these blemishes. And, there is no better time to get pimples under control than now.

DON'T ABUSE SKIN

The first instinctive reaction to pimples and blackheads is to squeeze them out with your fingers. A bit of experimentation along these lines soon provides convincing proof that this succeeds only in inflaming your skin and spreading the infection. Under no circumstances should pimples and blackheads ever be squeezed.



MICROSCOPE SHOWS IMPORTANT BASIS FOR EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Let's take a look through the microscope to see what's behind those unsightly pimples. The high-powered lenses show your skin coated with a covering which originated from two sources—one, internally and the other, externally.

The internal substances on your skin include dead cells, residue from the sweat glands, and a high quantity of oil excreted by the sebaceous glands. A most important factor in skin disorders occurs when thousands of these tiny sebaceous glands discharge more oil than the skin can use for lubrication. Unless special care is given, the oil forms a heavy film which attracts foreign matter to your skin much as any oil mop picks up dust. These infectious external substances may be classified into three general groups:

1. Airborne materials such as dust, pollens, condensation products of smoke, vapors, etc.
2. Materials brought in contact with the skin, such as tiny fragments of clothing, bedding, cosmetics.
3. Micro-organisms such as bacteria and fungi.

See the difference between a healthy skin and a pimply skin in the microscopic reproductions below.



A.

Normal skin



B.

Sick, pimply skin

Diagram A shows a normal-size, a toothily functioning sebaceous gland. Diagram B pictures sick, pimply skin. Notice that the sebaceous gland is a swollen mass of trapped oil, waste and infectious bacteria.

TRY THIS SENSIBLE WAY

Two sensible aims to achieve in controlling this skin condition are: to clear the pores of clogging matter, and to inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin. Toward these ends, Dornol Products' research makes available two formulas. One is to aid in thorough cleansing by highly detergent penetration which simplifies the removal of waste and foreign matter. The other is to discourage oiliness with clinically-proved ingredients, and to kill infec-

tious bacteria often associated with externally caused pimples and blackheads.

BLEMISHES COVERED UP

To remove the distressing embarrassment of these skin blemishes, the second Dornol formula exerts a "cover-up" action on your broken out skin while the medication does its work. This, plus its pleasant odor, will spare you the mental distress which is associated with unsightly, malodorous, medicated preparations. Imagine! You can apply this Dornol formula to your skin by day and face the immediate present with greater confidence in your appearance, while secure in the knowledge that medication is acting to remove old blemishes and keep away new ones. What this "cover-up" action alone is worth in peace of mind is beyond calculation. No longer need prying eyes make you wince with humiliation and misery. Now because of this wonderful feature of the Dornol treatment, you can put your best foot forward...at once!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

OR

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We know what the Dornol treatment has done for others, so we want you to try it at our risk. A few minutes a day invested in our treatment can yield more gratifying results than you ever dared hope for. This is what we say to you: If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin in just 10 days, simply return the unused portion and we will refund *not* only the price you paid—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!** Can anything be fairer than that? You have everything to gain...and we take all the risk!

How to get the Dornol Treatment immediately:

Just send your name and address to DORNOL PRODUCTS, Inc., Dept. 77, 363 Central Park Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. Be sure to print clearly. By return mail we will ship the Dornol treatment to you in a plain package. When postman delivers the package, pay only \$1.98 plus postage. Or, if you wish to save postal fee, send \$2 now and we will pay postage. Which ever way you order, the **DOUBLE REFUND GUARANTEE** still prevails. Don't delay another minute, send for the Dornol Medicated Skin treatment with "cover-up" feature...at once! Sorry, | no Canadian C.O.D.'s.

about Willy, that Jake struck a sharp blow to his jaw causing him to fall backwards and hit his head against the sharp edge of the heavy table that lay on its side. He lay very still and no one in the room dared make a move toward him or Jake. They all seemed to know at that moment, fate had given Jack's hand an extra push, and that Red was dead.

Jake quickly turned and went out of the room leaving Red lying next to the table. He was shaking all over, and his legs were unsteady as he staggered back to his bunk and fell across it.

Red's accidental death was reported to the authorities and an inquest was made, but with fifty witnesses, the charge was dropped and his death attributed purely to the accident of hitting the table's sharp edge with no intent to kill.

Jake and Willy were inseparable after the episode with Red, and when Willy couldn't make the long journey into the woods with Jake, Jake would carry him or remain back at the bunkhouse with him. His devotion to Willy seemed even more intense, and now he wouldn't even let some of the boys pet him as they used to do occasionally. Willy devoured all the attention that his master wanted to show him, and slowly as the weeks passed, they shut out the rest of the world. Whether Jake brooded over Red's blood being on his hands or not, the men never knew, although one time one of the men swore they heard Jake tell Willy, to "keep away from Red Frailly because he don't like little doggies like you."

Jake's hands began to soften with the little work he had been doing, and there was talk that

he might not be asked to sign up again when his contract terminated the next month. He wanted nothing else to do except sit with Willy and tell him the wonderful stories about his youth and early days with his lumberjack crew. Willy would look into his master's face for awhile, but age was creeping up on Willy and even raising his head was an effort for him. He'd soon fall asleep in his comfortable place by Jake's feet as Jake's voice droned on.

The men tried to avoid his company now, not because they



held Red's death against him, but because he was no longer the vibrant personality he had been, and some even thought he was going insane with his love for Willy. Willy, on the other hand, moved around very little and now his left eye had lost its sight which only pronounced his uselessness. There was even talk among some of the newer members of the crew, who had only heard about the incident with Red, that poor old Willy should be put out of his misery. They were quickly hushed up when Jake was around for fear that he might become overly

excited, not good for a man of his age.

Jake had become so much of a tradition around the camp that the foreman decided to keep him at the camp as long as he wanted to stay, and it looked as if it might be the rest of his life.

That's not the way it happened though. Willy's sudden death changed Jake's peaceful life. Not that everyone hadn't realized Willy couldn't last much longer, but he had been lying in front of the fireplace one evening, as was his custom, and it wasn't until Jake tried to awaken him for his late warm milk that they discovered Willy had died in his sleep. Jake wouldn't believe it at first and kept shaking Willy gently saying, "Come on, Willy boy. Time for your milk. You need your milk, Willy boy." But Willy lay motionless.

Jake had made up his mind that he didn't want Willy buried under "the cold, hard ground," and finally the men had to distract his attention to get Willy out of the room and place him into the hole they had dug. Everyone was sympathetic toward Jake and his great love for Willy, but he refused to listen to their words.

A week after Willy died, Jake packed a small, cardboard bag with his clothes and left Harrison's Lumber Camp, with not even a nod of farewell to his crew. Some of them were glad to see him go, others were worried about what he'd do and how he'd get along. But Jake left and sometime later they heard that he died while on his way to Alaska. The story goes that he was looking for a guy named Red Frailly whom he said had stolen his dog, Willy.

ARE YOU A

DETECTIVE?

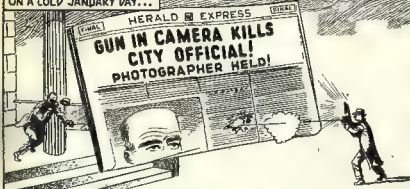
STARRING DETECTIVE SKIP MCCOY

A SECRET SERVICE SPECIAL FEATURE!

5770

A.B.

ON A COLD JANUARY DAY...



ONLY RILEY, MY EDITOR, AND BILLY TEMPLE, THE REPORTER WITH WHOM I WORK! IN FACT, I KEEP IT IN THE LOCKER AND THEY'RE THE ONLY TWO WHO HAVE KEYS, BESIDES MYSELF!



IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE SKIP MCCOY QUESTIONS RILEY IN THE OFFICE OF THE HERALD EXPRESS...

SURE I GAVE HIM THE ASSIGNMENT, BUT HOW SHOULD I KNOW SOMEONE PUT A GUN IN THE CAMERA!!! I WANTED PICTURES OF JAMISON BECAUSE HE WAS UP FOR A BIG JOB IN CITY HALL!



BILLY TEMPLE IS QUESTIONED...

THE TWO DAYS PRIOR TO THE DAY JAMISON WAS KILLED WERE MY DAYS OFF--I SPENT THAT TIME IN THE ZOO, FEEDING THE MONKEYS... JUST A HOBBY OF MINE!

WERE THERE MANY PEOPLE IN THE MONKEY HOUSE?



WHAT'S THIS GUY UP TO?

I DIDN'T GO INSIDE--JUST THREW THE PEANUTS INTO THE OUTSIDE CAGE!



GET YOUR HAT AND COAT, TEMPLE--I KNOW YOU PLANTED THE GUN IN MAXON'S CAMERA!



LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS...

OKAY, MCCOY, YOU WIN! DOES THE NAME "TEMPLE" MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU? WELL, TRIGGER TEMPLE IS MY BROTHER...HE WAS UP FOR PAROLE, BUT JAMISON TURNED HIM DOWN! AS LONG AS JAMISON WAS HEAD OF THE PAROLE BOARD, MY BROTHER DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! THEN I HEARD RILEY TELL MAXON TO BE AT CITY HALL IN A FEW DAYS, WHEN JAMISON WOULD BE THERE IN CONFERENCE WITH THE MAYOR! BUT TELL ME...HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS GUILTY?

WINTER! DOORS ALL - IT IS KEPT IN - TROPICAL ANIMAL - THE MONKEY IS A - MID-WINTER AND - CAGE! WELL, THIS IS - THEM FROM THE OUTSIDE - MONKEY HOUSE BUT FEED - YOU DIDN'T GO INTO THE - ING THE MONKEYS. THAT - TIME IN THE PARK FEED - SAID YOU SPENT YOUR - SIMPLE MISTAKE! YOU - BY A



TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION!

...AND IN THE CITY PRISON...

YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE ME, MCCOY! I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A GUN IN MY CAMERA--MY EDITOR GAVE ME THE ASSIGNMENT TO TAKE PICTURES OF THIS GUY, JAMISON, WHO HEADS THE PAROLE BOARD...

TELL ME, WHO COULD HAVE HAD ACCESS TO THE CAMERA?



KENT BLAKE

RED BLOOD OVER BERLIN



HEY! WHAT THE DEVIL IS THIS? THOSE RUSSIAN YAK FIGHTERS ARE FIRIN' AT US!

THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO US! WE'RE UNARMED! THIS IS A PASSENGER PLANE!

I KNOW WHAT THEY'RE AFTER, BUT THEY'LL NEVER... ARGG!

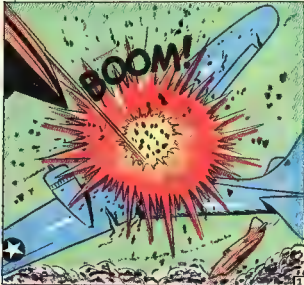
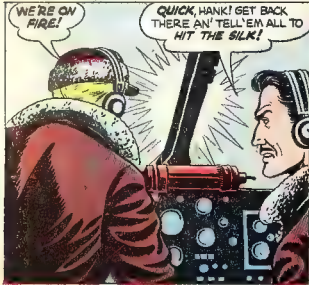
HE'S BEEN HIT!



THE TIME: APRIL 10, 1947
THE PLACE: OVER BERLIN
THE MISSION: SHOOT DOWN AMERICAN B-17

WE'RE ON FIRE!

QUICK, HANK! GET BACK THERE AN' TELL 'EM ALL TO HIT THE SILK!



THAT HAPPENED ON APRIL 10, 1947, JUST A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE AMERICAN B-17 TOOK OFF FROM THE TEMPELHOF AIRPORT IN BERLIN! THEN THE FOLLOWING DAY...

WE REGRET THE INCIDENT, COLONEL... BUT THAT B-17 WAS OUR PILOTS REPORT THAT YOUR PLANE OPENED FIRE ON THEM FIRST!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! IT WAS STRIPPED DOWN! IT CARRIED NO GUNS... ONLY PASSENGERS!

RUSSIAN PILOTS ARE OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN... THEY DO NOT LIE! THE MATTER IS CLOSED, COLONEL! GOOD DAY!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, MAJOR! THE REPORTS MAY STATE THAT TWELVE AMERICANS WERE KILLED...

BUT I CALL IT MURDER!

AMONG THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTORS AND NEWSPAPER-MEN AT THE WRECKAGE OF THE B-17 WAS **KENT BLAKE, SPECIAL SECRET SERVICE AGENT!** BLAKE, WHOSE IDENTITY IS KNOWN ONLY TO HIS IMMEDIATE SUPERIOR, POSED AS A NEWSPAPERMAN...

OKAY, WE'VE MADE OUR INVESTIGATION! THE B-17 CARRIED NO GUNS AND WE FOUND OVER SIXTY BULLET HOLES! WE'LL GIVE YOU NEWS-HOUNDS FIFTEEN MINUTES TO GRUB AROUND THE PLANE AND TAKE PICTURES!

THANKS, GENERAL!

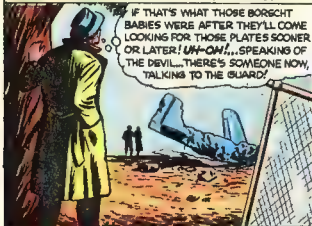
I STILL CAN'T FIGURE WHY THE REDS PULLED THIS STUPID STUNT! THEY HATE OUR GUTS ALL RIGHT... BUT THEY AREN'T READY TO RISK ANOTHER WAR! SOMEBODY MIGHTY IMPORTANT MUST HAVE BEEN ON THAT PLANE! I'LL CHECK THE PASSENGER LIST LATER!

NO CLOTHING OR IDENTIFICATION PAPERS OF VALUE AROUND! EVERYTHING BURNED TO ASHES, EVEN THE...

WOW! IF THIS IS WHAT I THINK IT IS!

YEP! THESE ARE **ENGRAVED PRINTING PLATES OF AMERICAN TEN AND TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS!** THIS MAY BE THE REASON THOSE RED VULTURES POUNCED ON THE B-17!

KENT BLAKE WAS THE LAST TO LEAVE THE WRECKAGE! BEFORE HE LEFT HE PUT BACK THE ENGRAVINGS WHERE HE FOUND THEM! BLAKE HAD A PLAN... **A LONG SHOT!** AN HOUR LATER HE RETURNED AND STATIONED HIMSELF IN A SPOT OVERLOOKING THE GUARD AND THE WRECKAGE...



COME ON, BABY! YOU'RE GETTING WARMER... A LITTLE MORE TO THE LEFT! **THAT'S IT...NOW YOU'VE GOT IT!**

I KNEW THOSE INSPECTORS WOULD MISS THEM! THEY WERE LOOKING FOR BULLET HOLES... **NOT ENGRAVINGS!** NOW BACK TO BERLIN!



WHO IS THAT GIRL, SOLDIER? WHY'D SHE WANT TO MESS THROUGH THE WRECKAGE?

SHE SAID SHE WAS A SECRETARY TO ONE OF THE INSPECTORS AND THAT HE LOST HIS WRIST WATCH HERE TODAY! HE SENT HER TO LOOK FOR IT!

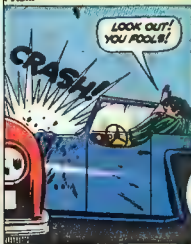


BLAKE ROLLED OUT HIS HIDDEN JEEP AND TRAILED THE GIRL INTO BERLIN...

IF I CAN HANG ON TO THIS FEMALE COMET MAYBE I'LL GET TO SEE SOME OF HER TEN AND TWENTY BUCK ETCHINGS!



AS SHE ROARED INTO THE CITY ANOTHER CAR CROSSED HER PATH AND...



GET HER AND THE PACKAGE, TOO!

SHE'S LIKE A WILD BEAR... **OWW!**

THIS IS ALL YOU'LL GET, YOU **OWH!**



THEY'RE PILING HER INTO THEIR CAR! I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT, BUT I'M SURE THOSE ROUGH AND TUMBLE BOYS DIDN'T PICK THAT GAL TO BE **QUEEN OF THE HWY!** I'M GOING TO TAIL THEM TILL I HIT THE JACK POT!



ENT BLAKE SHADOWED THE TWO MEN
(AND THEIR VICTIM) TO A SMALL HOME
NEAR THE BRANDENBURG GATE...

HURRY! THIS
BULLET IN MY ARM
IS KILLING ME!

QUIT WHINING AND
HELP ME WITH THIS
GIRL!



THEY'RE GABBING IN RUSSIAN
AND THEY'RE SURE HAPPY TO
GET THOSE PLATES! WONDER
WHERE THAT GAL FITS IN?



COMING COMMIES SHOULDN'T CAST
THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE THEM,
BUTCHER BOY!

YOU FILTHY
AMER...OWW!



WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE? WHO
ARE YOU?

I'M WORKING MY WAY THROUGH
SABOTAGE SCHOOL, BUSTER, SELLING
SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE DAILY WORKER!
RAISE BOTH HANDS IF YOU WANT TO
SIGN UP!



NOW GET
INSIDE AND...
OOF!

VOLKOF!
SMASH
HIM!



WE HAVE COMPANY FOR YOU, MARIA MURPHY!
A MEDDLING AMERICAN REPORTER! NOW
THAT WE HAVE THE PLATES AGAIN WE WILL
FLOOD AMERICA WITH FALSE CURRENCY!
THE ENSUING INFLATION SHOULD KEEP
THEIR CONCERN AWAY FROM OUR INTENTIONS
IN ASIA AND KOREA!

I KNOW ALL
THAT, VOLKOF!
BUT NOW THAT
YOU'VE GOT ME,
WHAT DO YOU
INTEND DOING
WITH ME?



WE SHALL TREAT YOU AND THIS
STUPID SCRIBBLER LIKE AN ENGRAVING
MACHINE...! A DIP INTO THE ETCHING
ACID! NOTHING WILL BE LEFT!

IF YOU EXPECT
ME TO SCREAM
AND PLEAD, VOLKOF,
YOU'RE SADLY
MISTAKEN!



THEN WE SHALL GIVE YOU THE PLEASURE OF WATCHING THE ACID EAT UP THE REPORTER FIRST! PUT HIM INTO THE TUB!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS.... YOU FIENDE!



SUDDENLY KENT BLAKE LEAPED INTO THE KIND OF ACTION AND QUICK-THINKING WHICH MAKES HIM THE ACE OF THE SECRET SERVICE! HE GRABBED A HANDFUL OF METAL SCRAPS AND FLUNG THEM VIOLENTLY INTO THE NITRIC ACID...

NO, THANKS, BOYS... YOU TRY IT!

OW-W MY EYES!



THIS IS FOR KIDNAPPING A LADY... YOU HEELS!

UGH!

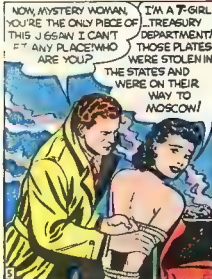


YOU NEED THAT BATH MORE THAN I DO... PAL JOEY!



NOW, MYSTERY WOMAN, YOU'RE THE ONLY PIECE OF THIS JIGSAW I CAN'T FIT ANY PLACE WHO ARE YOU?

I'M A T-GIRL...TREASURY DEPARTMENT! THOSE PLATES WERE STOLEN IN THE STATES AND WERE ON THEIR WAY TO MOSCOW!



ANOTHER AGENT AND I RECOVERED THEM BEFORE THEY GOT THERE! HE WAS ON THAT PLANE TAKING THE ENGRAVINGS BACK TO THE STATES WHEN IT WAS SHOT DOWN!

YOU'VE GOT THEM AGAIN! BETTER TAKE GOOD CARE OF THEM!

THOSE RUSSIANS WOULD GIVE HALF OF THE KREMLIN TO GET THEIR PAWS ON THOSE PLATES!



MIND IF A GIRL GETS HER PAWS AROUND A GUY FOR HELPING HER?

HELP YOURSELF, BABY, YOU'RE THE LAW AROUND HERE!



THE END

THE END? NO! THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! IN THE NEXT ACTION-PACKED ISSUE KENT BLAKE REALLY GETS ROLLING AS HE PITS HIS BRAINS AND BRAWN AGAINST THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL FOREIGN SPIES! DON'T DARE MISS THE NEXT BIG ISSUE OF SECRET SERVICE!

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And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

**Give Me 15 Minutes A Day
And I'll Give You A New Body**

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peepless? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.



CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of title.
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed
Man"

FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions! It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 60F, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 60F
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book. "Everlasting Health and Strength."

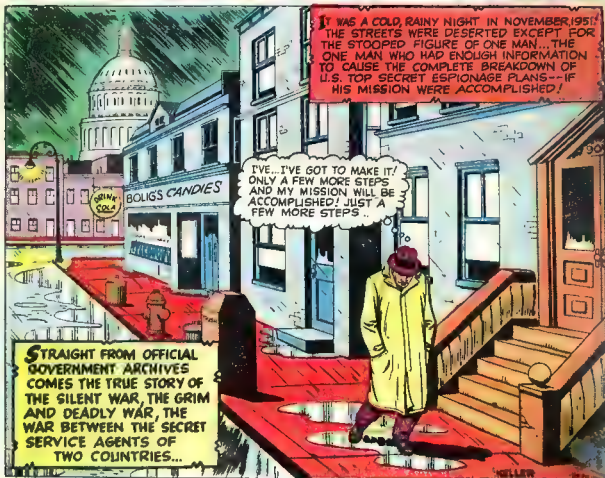
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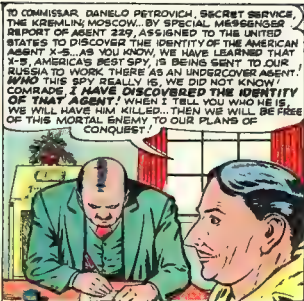


MISSION ACCOMPLISHED





ONLY SLIGHTLY...JUST A...A SCRATCH! BUT THEY ALMOST GOT ME! NOW... TAKE THIS DOWN...ALL OF IT! I WANT MOSCOW TO KNOW WHAT A GOOD SECRET SERVICE MAN THEY SENT TO AMERICA WHEN THEY SENT ME... MISCHA KEPIKOFF! NOW WRITE!



TO COMMISSAR DANELO PETROVICH, SECRET SERVICE, THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW... BY SPECIAL MESSENGER REPORT OF AGENT 229, ASSIGNED TO THE UNITED STATES TO DISCOVER THE IDENTITY OF THE AMERICAN AGENT X-5... AS YOU KNOW, WE HAVE LEARNED THAT X-5, AMERICA'S BEST SPY, IS BEING SENT TO OUR RUSSIA TO WORK THERE AS AN UNDERCOVER AGENT! WHO THIS SPY REALLY IS, WE DID NOT KNOW! CONRADE, I HAVE DISCOVERED THE IDENTITY OF THAT AGENT! WHEN I TELL YOU WHO HE IS, WE WILL HAVE HIM KILLED... THEN WE WILL BE FREE OF THIS MORTAL ENEMY TO OUR PLANS OF CONQUEST!



A BOWL OF BORSCHT PLEASE AND KREPLACH!

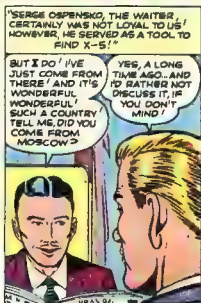
CERTAINLY, SIR!



ALTHOUGH I KNEW THAT MOST OF THE RUSSIANS IN THIS COUNTRY WERE LOYAL AMERICANS, THE FOOLS, STILL LET IT BE KNOWN THAT I WAS A COMMUNIST SYMPATHIZER! I KNEW THAT THIS WAS THE WAY TO TRAP OUR MAN!

AH! PRAVDA IS A GOOD PAPER! IT PRINTS THE TRUTH FROM OUR RUSSIA!

I WOULDN'T KNOW, SIR!



"SERGE OSPENSKO, THE WAITER, CERTAINLY WAS NOT LOYAL TO US! HOWEVER, HE SERVED AS A TOOL TO FIND X-5!"

BUT I DO! I'VE JUST COME FROM THERE! AND IT'S WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL! SUCH A COUNTRY! TELL ME, DID YOU COME FROM MOSCOW?

YES, A LONG TIME AGO... AND I'D RATHER NOT DISCUSS IT, IF YOU DON'T MIND!

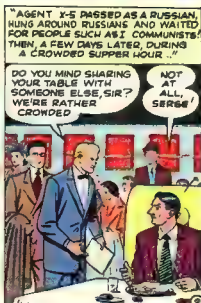


AH! I UNDERSTAND! WE RUSSIANS DON'T HAVE MANY FRIENDS IN THIS COUNTRY! VERY WELL! WE WILL KEEP OUR SECRET, EH?

I HAVE NO SECRET! NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME!



"THESE LACKEYS ARE SO STUPID, THEY PLAY RIGHT INTO OUR HANDS! I KNEW THAT HE'D SPREAD THE WORD ABOUT ME... AND THAT WORD, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, WOULD REACH THE EARS OF X-5!"



"AGENT X-5 PASSED AS A RUSSIAN, HUNG AROUND RUSSIANS AND WAITED FOR PEOPLE SUCH AS I, COMMUNISTS! THEN, A FEW DAYS LATER, DURING A CROWDED SUPPER HOUR..."

DO YOU MIND SHARING YOUR TABLE WITH SOMEONE ELSE, SIR? WE'RE RATHER CROWDED

NOT AT ALL, SERGE!

"THE MAN WHO SAT DOWN OPPOSITE ME WAS ORDINARY LOOKING AND MILD! HE SPOKE RUSSIAN LIKE A NATIVE, AS WELL AS I DID! BUT A SIXTH SENSE WARNED ME. THIS WAS OUR MAN! THIS WAS X-5!"

"HE WALKED INTO MY TRAP LIKE A BABY! THAT STARTED A CONVERSATION THAT LASTED AN HOUR! HE INTRODUCED HIMSELF TO ME AS VASIL ZAROFF, ALTHOUGH I KNEW THAT WAS NOT HIS REAL NAME! I, TOO, GAVE A FALSE NAME. CONSTANT! METROVICH."

"I MADE IT A POINT TO MEET AGAIN. WE WERE FAST! WE MANY QUESTIONED HIM HIS MISLEADING ANSWERS. I WAS MORE AND MORE CERTAIN THAT HE WAS X-5. ARE YOU TAKING ALL THIS DOWN, IVANOFF?"

"THANK YOU FOR YOUR COURTESY, SIR! AH, I SEE YOU READ PRAYDA!"

"BUT OF COURSE! YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THE CAPITALISTIC PAPERS! ONLY RUSSIA PRINTS THE REAL TRUTH!"

"I'VE ENJOYED OUR LITTLE TALK, VASIL! I HOPE WE MEET AGAIN!"

"SO DO I! I DINE HERE QUITE OFTEN! PERHAPS WE SHALL MEET!"

"EVERY WORD!"

"I WILL DESCRIBE HIM LATER, SO YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE! NOW, HOWEVER, IT WAS MY TASK TO GET INTO HIS APARTMENT TO GO THROUGH HIS PAPERS SO I COULD DISCOVER HIS TRUE NAME AND MAKE ABSOLUTELY SURE HE WAS OUR MAN! SO I PLANNED ACCORDINGLY..."

"SERGE WAS A STRANGE ONE! HE NEVER LIKED ME OR TRUSTED ME AND IT WAS HARD FOR ME TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH HIM, OR EVEN TO GET HIM TO TALK TO ME! OF COURSE HE KNEW WHERE THIS AMERICAN AGENT LIVED, BUT HE WOULDN'T REVEAL IT! HOWEVER, I GOT HELP FROM AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE..."

"OH, SERGE, I MUST SEE MR ZAROFF AT ONCE ON AN URGENT MATTER! CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE HE LIVES?"

"I'M SORRY, SIR! I DO NOT KNOW!"

"I CAN TELL YOU, SIR! HE'S AT..."

"ALEXE! SILENCE!"

"YES, MY FRIEND? YOU WERE SAYING?"



"IF ZAROFF WANTED TO GIVE HIS ADDRESS HE WOULD HAVE!"

"WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? I'LL TELL HIM!"

"WE GAVE THE ADDRESS AND I RUSHED OUT!"

"THANK YOU!"

"ALEXE! YOU FOOL!"

"OH, SERGE! RELAX, WILL YOU? THEY'RE FRIENDS! I'VE SEEN THEM TOGETHER MANY TIMES!"

"I KNEW THAT X-5 HAD LEFT TOWN FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, PROBABLY TO REPORT THE MISINFORMATION I'D GIVEN HIM, THINGS WHICH HE THOUGHT WOULD HELP HIM ON HIS MISSION TO RUSSIA! I HURRIED TO THE ADDRESS..."

"HOW STUPID THESE CAPITALISTIC AMERICANS ARE! THEY'RE SO EASY TO FOOL!"



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Each Game Is Complete with Instructions for Play**

Here's one of the greatest plaything offers of all time! 100 GAMES — of every conceivable kind — at a price so amazingly low as to be almost a gift! No longer do you have to pay \$1.00 or \$2.00 and more for a single game. No longer do you have to pay for a fancy box and some cardboard. Here is **REAL VALUE!**

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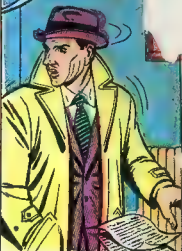
"MY SKILL WITH LOCKS MADE IT A SIMPLE MATTER TO GET INTO THE APARTMENT, AND I SEARCHED IT THOROUGHLY."



"THEN...BEHIND A LOOSE BASEBOARD, I FOUND WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR!"



"IT'LL DO YOU NO GOOD, YOU DIRTY SPY!"



"SERGE, THE STUPID, THE SUSPICIOUS ONE, WAS AT THE DOOR...A JACK-KNIFE CLUTCHED IN HIS FIST!"



"THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO, AND I DID IT! I WHIPPED OUT MY PISTOL AND FIRED AT THE FOOL! BUT HE CAME AT ME, HIS KNIFE FLASHING!"



"HE STRUCK ME WITH IT, BUT IT WAS ONLY A GLANCING SLASH! I BARELY FELT IT!"



"THEN HE DROPPED DEAD! I KNEW THE SHOT WOULD BRING THE POLICE...SO I LEFT QUICKLY, WITHOUT THE PAPERS! BUT MY MISSION WAS ACCOMPLISHED...I KNOW...X-5'S NAME...HOWEVER, AND HIS PLANS!...HIS...HIS...NAME... HIS NAME IS..."



"YES, MISCHA? HIS NAME... WHAT IS IT?"



"WE'LL NEVER KNOW NOW!!"



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Something special and very pretty! Imagine—12 sparkling Pseudo Diamonds, imported from Europe, set in a gorgeous Engagement and Wedding Ring Set! — NATURAL GOLD color, exquisite design. Your price for both—4.98. Yet they look like \$750.00 and more! They sparkle a thousand rays of light! Enjoy a LIFETIME!

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You can't lose a penny. Try this gorgeous ETERNAL LOVE set at our risk. If not satisfied, we will return the price at once. Don't delay, order a set today. Don't lose this opportunity. Remember—BOTH rings are yours for only 4.98. MAIL THE COUPON NOW.



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Your own INITIAL in Raised Gold color effect firmly set on a 14K-RED stone. Flanked by 2 sparkling pseudo DIAMONDS imported from Europe. Made in 14 Karat Rolled Gold plate, very fashionably designed, rich in appearance.

WEAR IT WITH PRIDE!
Enjoy a lifetime. It's so handsomely masculine to distinguish! Mention letter, color and send strip of paper for size. Bargain price 2.97

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Pictures and words can't do justice to the wonderful quality of our merchandise. So we allow you 10 whole days to see, try, enjoy any article right in your own home — without risk! FULL PRICE BACK QUICK if not thrilled! Write desired articles in coupon and rush at once! Pay price, plus postage, on delivery. Enjoy 10 days at OUR risk! It pays to deal with this reliable company.

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Place near window — see color changes like magic! REE ably indicates rain, storm, blue — fair and changes coming! Amazes everyone! Beautiful, decorative. Flow or pot given. 98c

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"ELBORADO" — the watch for active men — last word in smart styling! Sparkling Pseudo Diamonds and Rubies set around the dial. Solid Gold color effect, chromed back. Unbreakable crystal. Luminous hands. Large sweep-second hand, hinged case, built to take the "beat" — imported Swiss movement gives dependable service. UNLIMITED GUARANTEE EXCLUSIVE OF PARTS — never a penny for skilled labor cost! Formerly \$4.98. Special SALE PRICE, only 9.98 — not a penny more. 10 DAY FREE TRIAL. Your money back quick if not delighted. RUSH COUPON NOW!

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TINY NITE LAMP
Less than 4 inches tall! Has own powerful battery current — no plug in need. Press switch to light. Ideal for nursery, bedroom and during storms. Beautiful, jewelry-like appearance. Complete with dainty shade and tiny bulb. 98c

Ladies' SPORTEX Watch

Special!
A sturdy, accurate watch with special jewel movement. Ideal for active women and girls, nurses, teachers, sportswomen, typists, housewives, etc. Case is dainty yet so sturdy! Has luminous hands and numbers for night reading. Feminine and petite, yet to accurate too! 10-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE and satisfaction or free service certificate. Bargain price 7.98

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HOW you can own and enjoy Rocket's most POWERFUL, and very BEST FIELD GLASS, at a special LOW PRICE! Well made of rugged materials and has specially ground magnifying lenses. Such TERRIFIC POWER you won't believe your eyes! Get an intimate view of nature — the sky at night the birds, mountains, etc.

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Gentlemen: Please rush the articles below. I will enclose price shown with mail-money on arrival, plus postage. I will use and enjoy them for 10 days. Articles I am not satisfied, you will return my money. (We prepay postage on rush orders).

NAME OF ARTICLE DESIRED	PRICE
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CITY _____	
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PLEASE! Send this coupon on this strip of paper without around edges.

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that, you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they want to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for burly rascals! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it — with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

I WONDER WHY
WE'RE NOT
POPULAR
SIS?

ASK
YOUR
FRIEND
TOM

TOM, WHY DON'T
SIS AND I
GET INVITED
TO PROMS
AND
PARTIES

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FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS
OUT in Seconds with
VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it — quickly! — without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX — now!

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TAKE
POUNDS
OFF—
KEEP SLIM
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PLUG IN
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HANDLE
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FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use Spot REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

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Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—MASSAGE!

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away

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YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of these types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts.



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A handy helper for transient relief of discomfort that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

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Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!

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☐ SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose \$9.95 with coupon. We pay off postage and handling charges. Some money-back guarantee applies.

LOSE WEIGHT OR MONEY BACK

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BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!
WE GIVE YOU CASH!
OR PREMIUMS!



Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Radios (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.

OUR 56th YEAR

JIM and BETTY FIND A NEW "TREASURE"



ACT NOW 56th YR.

Loveable Dolls over 15" high, Cub Fishing Outfits, Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles, Daisy Air Rifles (sent postage paid). Give pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order to start. It's fun! Easy! We trust you! Begin at once!



BE FIRST



NO MORE NOW

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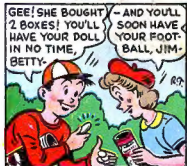
START TODAY!

ONE YEAR

BIG CATALOG!

Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billboards, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware, Record Players, Movie Machines. (sent postage paid). Rush coupon to start!

Ukuleles, Jewelry, Watches (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.



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Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. 348-BY, Tyrone, Pa. Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 13 pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture.) I will amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Name..... Age.....
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PRINT LAST NAME HERE
Poste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today